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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

SECOND READER

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AND

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PREFACE

THE Second Reader is Book Three of the American School Readers Series.

It carries out the principles laid down in the First Reader.

It is purely literary. That is, every selection is representative of standard children's literature.

The Primer and the first part of the First Reader are devoted to teaching children to read their already familiar vocabulary. At the same time by slow degrees they are made acquainted with the form and appearance of simple folklore and its words. When this point has been reached, no "made up" lessons are used.

The authors believe that the whole time given to reading books in school should be spent upon worthy literature, in cultivating taste for good reading. They follow this creed consistently throughout the series.

This book especially makes much use of the "repetitional" story, in which words and phrases occur repeatedly.

The more difficult words are given before the lessons in which they occur. It is assumed that teachers

will continue such drill upon words and their sonant elements as are suggested in the First Reader, following the outlines of the local course of study.

The authors beg to acknowledge the valuable suggestions and criticisms of Miss Frances J. Cronan of Public School, Number 93, New York City.

They also gratefully acknowledge the kind permission of the *Youth's Companion* to use the "Go Sleep Story" and the "Wake Up Story," by Eudora Bumstead.

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SECOND READER


Laetitia Herr.
Autumn Fires

gardens	vale	trail
blazes	autumn	towers

AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over,
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

roadside	locked	peeped
turned	blew	bottom

THE BOX WITH SOMETHING IN IT

A little boy once went walking. By and by he found a little box by the roadside.

"There must be something pretty in this," said he. He tried to open the box. It was locked. He walked on a little way, and found a little gold key.

"Perhaps it will fit my box," said he.

So first he blew the dust out of the key. Then he blew the dust from the keyhole. Then he turned the key in the keyhole.

"Snap!" went the key. And it opened the box. Then the boy peeped in. You can never guess what was in the box.

Way down at the bottom was a little mouse's tail.

Now if the mouse's tail had been longer, this tale would have been longer, too.

ENGLISH FOLK TALE.





thin	cabbage	mud
greedy	clean	brick
carried	mother	chimney

THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs.

One was Browny; he was a dirty little pig.

He would say to the old mother pig: "Let me go and play in the mud, mother;" and he would play in the mud all day.

One was Whitey; he was a greedy little pig.

He would say, "Give me some cabbage, mother; give me some cabbage;" and he would eat cabbage all day.

One pig was Blacky. He was a good little pig, and he was happy and bright all day long.

Once the old mother pig had to go away from home.

She said to the three little pigs: "If the old fox comes when I am gone, do not let him catch you. I will make each of

you a house to live in. Then you will be safe.

"What kind of house shall I make for you, Browny?"

"Oh, a mud house, mother, make me a mud house!" said Browny; and he went out to play in the mud.

"What kind of house shall I make for you, Whitey?"

"Oh, make me a cabbage house," said Whitey, with cabbage in his mouth.

"What kind of house shall I make for you, Blacky?"

"Oh, a brick house, mother, make me a brick house!" said Blacky, and he began to make brick for his house.



Then the mother pig went away.

At night each little pig went into his house and went to sleep.

By and by they heard Mr. Fox walking very softly. Pit pat, pit pat, he went around the houses.

Then Browny heard a tap, tap, at his door, and a soft voice

called: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!" said Browny, and he began to roll in the mud.

The fox said, "Then I'll blow, and I'll blow, till I blow your house down."

And he blew, and he blew, till he blew the house down. Then he carried poor little Browny away to his den.

The next night he came to Whitey's house. He tapped at the door and said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!" said Whitey, with cabbage in his mouth.

"Then I'll blow, and I'll blow, till I blow your house down."

He blew, and he blew, till he blew the cabbage house down. Then he carried poor, greedy Whitey away to his den.

The next night he came to Blacky's house.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" said the fox.

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!" said Blacky.

"Then I'll blow, and I'll blow, till I blow your house down."

And he blew, and he blew, but he could not blow down the brick house.

"I shall be back soon," said the fox, and he went away.

The next day Blacky went to town, to buy a big dinner pot. As he was coming home alone, he saw the fox in the woods.

Blacky began to run. He could run very fast, but the pot was heavy.

The fox could run faster, and he almost caught Blacky.

Then Blacky jumped into the pot, and said, "Roll, pot, roll!"

The pot began to roll down the hill. It rolled, and it rolled, faster and faster. It rolled right to the door of Blacky's brick house.

Then Blacky jumped out.

He ran into the house and shut the door. Then he put the pot, full of water, on the fire.



The fox could not get in at the door, so he leaped up on top of the house.

Down the chimney he came. He did not see the pot of water, so into it he fell, splash! He could not get out, and Blacky began to dance and to sing:

"Oh, oh, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
He saw not the pot, and he tumbled in."

That was the end of the wicked old fox.

Then Blacky brought back Browny and Whitey, from the fox's den.

IRISH FOLK TALE.



castles	scattered	palaces
temples	orderly	docks

BLOCK CITY

What are you able to build with
your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and
docks,

Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way

To where my toy vessels lie safe
in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one
is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors
on board!
And see on the steps of my
palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents
and things!

Now I have done with it, down
let it go.
All in a moment the town is laid
low,
Block upon block lying scattered
and free,
What is there left of my town by
the sea? ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

forgotten	only	kindly
grasshoppers	show	summer



THE GRASSHOPPERS

All summer the grasshoppers danced and sang in the meadow.

Often the ants came into the meadows, too.

"What foolish grasshoppers you are," said the ants. "You dance and sing all the day. Have you nothing else to do?"

But the grasshoppers only danced on until summer was gone. They had forgotten to put aside any food for the long winter.

Now cold winter came with its wind and snow, and the grasshoppers had nothing to eat.

Then they cried and said: "Oh, what shall we do! What shall we do! If we do not get food, we shall die."

"I will go and ask the ants," said a big grasshopper. So he went to the ants.

"What great stores of food you have, my dear ants!" said he. "Will you kindly share with your friends, the grasshoppers?

We shall surely die if you do not help us."

"Help you!" cried the ants, "you danced and sang all summer! No, indeed, we cannot help those who do not help themselves." ÆSOP.



How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

ISAAC WATTS.



I have a little shadow that goes
in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him
is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from
the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me,
when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is
the way he likes to grow —
Not at all like proper children,
which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up
taller, like an india rubber
ball,
And he sometimes gets so little
that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't any notion of how
children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me
in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me,
he's a coward, you can see.
I'd think shame to stick to
nursie as that shadow sticks
to me!

One morning, very early, before
the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew
on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like
an arrant sleepy head,
Had stayed at home behind me
and was fast asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

OUR FLAG

Hurrah for the flag, our country's
flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag, in any land,
Like our own "red, white, and
blue."



FLAG SALUTE

I give my head,
I give my hand,
I give my heart,
To my country.
One God, one country, and one
flag.

feet	dry	old	small
brook	watched	lad	away
cross	without	wade	wet

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

A small boy stood by the side of a brook and watched the water running away.

An old man was passing by. He said, "My lad, what are you looking at?"

"Kind sir," said the boy, "I am waiting for the brook to run by, and then I can cross without getting my feet wet."

"Indeed," said the man, "you may watch the brook forever and it will not run dry. If you would cross, you must wade." ÆSOP.



wonderful	puffed	indeed
silly	burst	oxen

THE FROG AND THE OX

One day a little frog saw a great ox in the field.

She ran home to tell her mother about the wonderful thing she had seen.

"Was it as big as this?" said the mother frog, as she puffed herself up.

"Oh, yes, much bigger," said the little frog.

"As big as this?" and she puffed herself again.

"Yes, indeed, much bigger. Why, mother dear, you could never, never, be so big, not even if you should puff yourself until you burst."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the silly mother frog. Then she puffed and puffed, and puffed, until she burst herself, indeed. ÆSOP.

thirsty cunning perfectly

WHO LIKES THE RAIN

"I," said the duck: "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;

They make a cunning three toed
track
In the soft cool mud; Quack,
quack."

"I," cried the little flowers, "I;
My roots are thirsty, my buds
are dry."
And they lifted their little colored
heads
Out of the green and grassy beds.

"I hope 'twill pour. I hope 'twill
pour,"
Croaked the tree toad at his gray
bark door,
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly water proof."

CLARA D. BATES.

ground	patiently	soften
please	softer	faster



STORY OF THE MORNING GLORY SEED

A little girl, one day in the month of May, dropped a morning glory seed into a hole in the ground.

Then she said, "Now, Morning

glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow, until you are tall and have pretty leaves and lovely flowers."

But the earth was very dry. There had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all.

It lay patiently in a small hole for nine long days and nine long nights. Then it said to the ground: "Oh, Ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat. I must burst open and set free my two green leaves; then I can begin to be a vine."

But the ground said, "You must ask the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "Oh, Rain, please come down and wet the ground, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then my hard coat will grow softer and softer; and at last it will burst open and set free my two green leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

But the rain said, "I cannot, unless the clouds hang low."

So the seed called to the clouds: "Oh, Clouds, please hang low and let the rain come down and wet the ground, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer; and at last it will burst open and

set free my two green leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

But the clouds said, "The sun must hide first."

So the seed called to the sun: "Oh, Sun, please hide for a little while, so that the clouds may hang lower and the rain can come down and wet the ground. Then the ground will give me a few drops of water; my hard brown coat will grow softer and softer; at last it can burst open and set free my two green leaves. Then I can begin to be a vine."

"I will," said the sun, and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower; the rain be-

gan to fall faster and faster; the ground began to be wetter and wetter; the seed coat began to grow softer and softer; at last it burst open!

Then out came two green leaves, and the morning glory seed began to be a vine.

MARGARET EYTINGE.



smoothed pillow

GOOD NIGHT GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night."

* * * * *

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning, good morning, our work is begun."

LORD HOUGHTON.

Lambikin reached enjoyed
grandmother scarcely Jackal
thought gayly frisk
promised drumikin

THE LAMBIKIN

Once upon a time there was a wee, wee lambikin, who jumped about on his little legs and enjoyed himself all day long.

Now one day he set off to visit his grandmother. He was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but Mr. Jackal.

The jackal looked at the wee, wee lambikin and said, "Lambikin, Lambikin! I'll eat YOU!"


Esther Peck.

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Grandmother's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow;
Then you can eat me so."

Mr. Jackal thought this a good plan, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met Mr. Eagle. Mr. Eagle looked at the wee, wee lambikin. Then he said, "Lambikin, Lambikin! I'll eat YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Grandmother's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow;
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his grandmother's house. He said to her, all in a great hurry: "Grandmother dear, I have promised to get very, very fat. So please put me into the corn bin at once."

Grandmother said, "You are a good child," and then she put him into the corn bin.

There the greedy little lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle.

Then his Grandmother said: "You are fat enough now for anything, and must go home."

But the wee, wee lambikin said that would never do. Some animal would be sure to eat him



on the way back, he was so fat and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said the wee, wee lambikin. "You must make a little drumikin, out of the skin of my little brother that died. Then I can sit inside and roll along, for I am as tight as a drum myself."

So his grandmother made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool all inside.

Then Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle of the drumikin and rolled away gayly.

Soon he met Mr. Eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

Then the wee, wee lambikin, curled up in his soft, warm nest, replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.

On, little Drumikin! Tum pa,
tum too!"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Mr. Eagle. And he thought of the fat, tender lambikin he had let pass.

On went Lambikin, rolling along, laughing and singing:

"Tum pa, tum too;
Tum pa, tum too!"

Every animal and every bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the wee, wee lambikin replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.
On, little Drumikin! Tum pa, tum too!
Tum pa, tum too! Tum pa, tum too!"

Then they all cried to think of the fat, tender lambikin they had let pass.

At last Mr. Jackal came limping along. He was as sharp as a needle, and he, too, called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you.
On, little Drumikin! Tum pa—"

But he never got any further.

Mr. Jackal knew his voice at once, and cried: "Hello! You have turned yourself inside out, have you? You just come out of that!"

And he tore open Drumikin and gobbled up Lambikin.

OLD ENGLISH FOLK TALE.



twinkle	diamond
blazing	curtain
traveler	though

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light.
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtain peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

And your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark.
Though I know not what you
are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

yonder Troll second saucers
plainly bridge smallest rushed

THE THREE GOATS BRUSE

Once there were three goats, and they were all named Bruse. There was Big Goat Bruse, Middle Sized Goat Bruse, and Little Goat Bruse.

"What a fine field that is over yonder!" said Big Goat Bruse.

"Yes," said Middle Sized Goat. "You can see the green grass so plainly. How I wish I had some.



I shall go and have my dinner there today."

"So shall I," said Little Goat Bruse.

"Very well, you are the smallest, so you go first," said Big Goat Bruse. So Little Goat Bruse started off.

Soon he came to a high bridge over a deep river. Under the bridge, down deep in the water, lived a great Troll. His eyes were as big as saucers and his nose was as long as a broomstick.

But Little Goat Bruse knew nothing about the Troll.

When he came to the bridge, he started to walk over, and as he walked, the bridge said:

"Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip, trip!"

"Who goes trip, tripping on my bridge?" cried the Troll.

"Oh, it is I, Little Goat Bruse. I am going over into that green field to eat and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the Troll, "I am going to eat you."

"Oh! now, please do not eat me, for I am so little. Wait awhile, my bigger brother is coming this way. He will make a better dinner."

"Very well, I will wait."

Soon Middle Sized Goat Bruse came to the bridge.

"Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, trap!" said the bridge.

"Who goes trap, trap, trapping on my bridge?" asked the Troll.

"It is I, Middle Sized Goat Bruse. I am going over into the field to eat and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the Troll, "for I am going to eat you."

"Oh! please do not eat me," said the goat, for I am so small.

Wait awhile, and Great Goat Bruse will come this way, and he will make a better dinner."

"Very well," said the Troll, "I will wait."

In a few moments Great Goat Bruse came to the bridge.

"Trop, trop, trop, trop, trop, trop!" said the bridge.

"Who trop, trops on my bridge?" cried the Troll.

"It is I, Great Goat Bruse. I am going over into the field to eat grass and grow fat."

"No, you are not," said the Troll, "for I am going to eat you. Here I come now!" and the Troll made a great stir and put up his long nose.

"Well, then, come on," said Great Goat Bruse, "I am not afraid of you."

Then the Troll lifted his head above the bridge. Great Goat Bruse rushed upon him with his horns and tossed him back into the deep river, and he never was seen again.

SCANDINAVIAN FOLK TALE.



comfits	laden	captain
between	sailors	cabin

THE SHIP

I saw a ship a sailing,
A sailing on the sea,
And, oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a pack upon his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

GABRIEL SETOUN.

whose sprouted strange
awakened window Englishman

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

I

Once there was a boy named Jack. He lived with his mother in a small house, at the end of a long road.

They were very, very poor; all they had in the world was a red cow.

One day Jack's mother said: "Jack, we must sell the cow. There is no money in the house, and we must have food. So drive the cow to town and sell her."



Jack tied a rope to the cow's neck, and started out to drive her to town.

He had not gone very far when he met a man who had a bag of bright red beans. The man said:

"Whose cow is that, my boy?"

"It is our cow," said Jack; "I am driving her to town to sell her."

"Oh," said the man, "how much will you take for your cow?"

"As much as I can get," said Jack.

"I will give you all these beans for her," said the man.

"Oh, such fine beans!" said Jack; "mother would be pleased with the beans. We can eat them. Yes, I will give you the cow for the beans."

"Very well," said the man, and he gave Jack the beans and took the cow.

Jack took the beans and ran home as fast as he could go.

"Home again?" said his mother. "Did you sell the cow? How much did you get for her?"

"Oh, see, mother, I got all these fine beans for her."

"Beans!" cried the mother, and she took the beans and threw them out the window. "Now, go to bed, you silly boy."

II

Jack went off to bed, crying and sobbing. In the morning he awoke early. Then he saw a strange vine with green leaves, over his window. He ran to the window and looked at it. It was

not a vine; it was a beanstalk.

"Oh, a beanstalk, a beanstalk!" cried Jack. The beans which his mother had thrown out had grown into a great beanstalk, which went up and up and up, far into the sky.

Jack stepped out among its branches, and began to climb. He climbed, and climbed, and climbed, and climbed, till at last he was up in the sky.

Here he saw a long, long road. He thought he would walk down the road and look about.

He had not gone far when he came to a very big house. A very big woman was standing at the door, watching him.

"You had better go back," she said.

"Go back?" said Jack; "why, I have come a long, long way, and I am very tired. Will you not give me something to eat and a place to rest in?"

"You had better go back," said the big woman. "This is no place for boys. Do you not know that a Giant lives here? He will eat you up if he finds you here. You had better go back!"

"O dear, I am so tired and hungry, I can not go back," said Jack.

III

Englishman	oven	brought
roared	opened	enough

The woman was kind. So she took Jack into the kitchen and gave him all the bread and cake he could eat.



He was still eating when he heard a great thump! thump! thump! on the stairs.

"Oh, there comes the Giant," cried the woman. "Run, get in here, quickly! or he will eat you."

She opened the oven door, and Jack got inside.

Thump! thump! thump! thump! and in came the Giant, crying:

"Hum, hum, hum!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

"No, no," said the big woman, who was the Giant's wife. "No, no, you smell that meat on the table. Go wash yourself and get ready for supper."

So off he went, and Jack looked out of the oven door.

"Keep still," said the woman.

"After he eats, he will go to sleep, and then you can run away."

Soon the Giant had eaten his supper. He said to his wife, "Bring me my hen!"

The wife went out and brought his hen to him.

The Giant put the hen on the table, and roared, "Lay!" and the hen laid an egg, all of gold.

"Lay another!" he cried; and the hen laid another.

The Giant played with the hen, until he became tired. Then he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Then Jack came out of the oven. He saw the hen, and said, "I wish I had that hen."


E. Peck.

"Take her," said the woman.

So Jack crept up to the table; he took the hen and ran.

But just then the hen made a noise, and the Giant awoke and started after Jack and the hen.

Jack ran very fast and soon came to the beanstalk. He climbed down to his home again, and the Giant went back into his house and scolded his wife.

"See what I have, mother," cried Jack. "See, it lays gold eggs." And Jack said, "Lay!" and sure enough, the hen laid a gold egg.

Jack's mother sold the gold eggs, and then they had plenty of money for food.

beautiful would quickly

One fine day Jack thought he would climb the beanstalk again, so up he went, and soon he came to the big house.

The same big woman was there. She gave him cake to eat and told him to go home.

But just then they heard the thump! thump! thump! of the Giant on the stairs, and Jack jumped into the bread box.

In came the Giant, crying:

"Hum, hum, hum!

Fee, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

"No, no," said the wife. "It is the meat on the table that you smell. Go wash yourself and get ready for supper." So off he went to wash.

Soon he had eaten his supper; then he said to his wife: "Bring me my harp."

The woman brought the harp to him.

"Play!" cried the Giant, and the harp began to play beautiful music.

Soon the sweet music sang the Giant to sleep.

Then Jack came out of the bread box and saw the harp.

"Oh, I wish I had that harp," he said.

"Take it," said the woman.

So Jack took the harp and started to run home, to show it to his mother. Just as he began to run the harp cried out, "Master! master!"

This noise awoke the Giant, and he started after Jack and the harp. Jack was soon halfway down the beanstalk, and the Giant was still coming after him.

As he came near to the ground he cried, "Mother, mother, bring me the hatchet!"

His mother came running with the hatchet. Jack took it and chopped down the beanstalk.

The giant fell to the ground with a great bump, and never got up again.

When Jack's mother saw him, she said, "Oh, that is the wicked giant who stole all your father's money. Now we have our own again."

ENGLISH FOLK TALE.



MEMORIZE

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

pleasantest swing
cattle country



THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
thing
Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown,
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

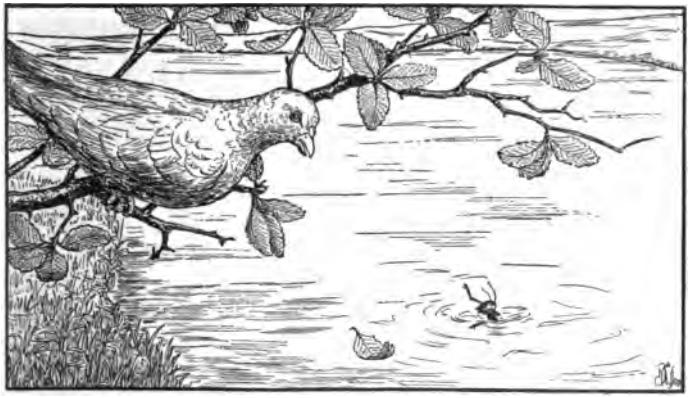
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

A little ant had fallen into the water. "Oh, help! help! I shall drown!" cried the ant.

A dove in a tree near by heard the little ant cry for help. "I will throw him down a leaf,"

said the dove. "Here, little ant, is a leaf. Climb up on it and you will float to the shore."



"Oh, I thank you, kind dove!" answered the ant; "you have saved my life."

A few days later the dove was building her nest. Near by was a man with a gun. "He is going to shoot the dove," cried

the ant. "I must stop him!" So the ant ran to the man and bit his heel.

"Oh, my heel, my heel!" cried the man; and he dropped his gun. This startled the dove and she flew away.

When the man was gone, she flew back and said: "I thank you, little friend. Today you saved my life."

ÆSOP.

fisherman caught hardly

THE FISH

A fisherman who had caught a very little fish was putting it into his basket.

"Oh, fisherman," said the little fish, "I beg you to put me back



into the water; I am so little that I shall hardly be a bite for you. When I grow larger I will make you a good meal."

"True," said the wise fisherman; "but where shall I find you when you have grown larger?"

ARABIAN FABLE.

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow;
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye;
I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish;
I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle;
I made his shroud."

Who will be the parson?
"I," said the Rook,
"With my little book;
I will be the parson."

Who will dig the grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shovel;
I'll dig his grave."

Who will be the clerk?
"I," said the lark,
"If 'tis not in the dark;
I will be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If 'tis not in the night;
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who will be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,


Esther Peck

"Because of my love;
I will be chief mourner."

Who will sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush;
"I will sing a psalm."

Who will bear the pall?
"We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen;
"We will bear the pall."

Who will toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull."
So Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds of the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin. OLD ENGLISH.

speckled sailors

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdies sing,
And nests among the trees;
The sailors sing of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





shreds	bushes	carriages
wool	drink	sharp
lining	lying	stockings

THE BRAMBLE BUSH AND THE LAMBS

Once there was a little brook where the horses and cows and sheep used to drink. On the banks of the brook sweet flowers grew, and there were many bramble bushes there also.

When the sheep ran down to the water, the brambles caught hold of their wool. Often they pulled out little white shreds of it, and that made the bushes look as if they bore little white flowers.

The sheep did not like having their wool torn off. They said that the brambles had no use for wool, and ought not to take it.

The sheep said, "We are quite willing to let the farmer shear all the wool from our backs; for it is then made into stockings and dresses.

"We think these bramble bushes of no use in the world.

"The cows who drink from the brook with us give their milk to

the children; the horses draw carriages and carts, but what kindness did a bramble bush ever do?"

The bramble bushes said not a word; but they held the bits of white wool on the tips of their sharp little fingers.

One spring morning the sheep were lying in the grassy meadows near the bramble bushes; and they heard a beautiful song overhead.

It was a bird, who had just come from the sunny South. He was singing his glad thanks for the new day.

He was singing, too, of his dear nest. He had left it in a tree, last autumn.

After the song, the birds talked about the nest. They said it needed a new lining.



As they flew to the brook for their morning bath, what do you think they saw?

They saw the bits of wool on the brambles. The sheep heard them talking of the kind brambles, that had gathered the wool for them to line the nest with.

Then the sheep looked more kindly upon the bramble bushes.

Sometimes they even pushed their woolly heads into the bushes to give them a fresh bit for the birds.

SARA E. WILTSE.

SUNFLOWERS

Sing a song of sunflowers
All in a row;
Baby cannot reach them
Till she taller grow.

Yes, some saucy blackbirds
Peck out the seed;
Down are bent the sunflowers,
Very low indeed.

Baby now can reach them,
But she doesn't dare,
For the saucy blackbirds
Little baby scare.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

wherever	cinder	terribly
bother	choked	straight



THE LITTLE HALF CHICK

Once upon a time a Spanish hen hatched out some nice little chickens. She was much pleased with their looks as they came from the shell.

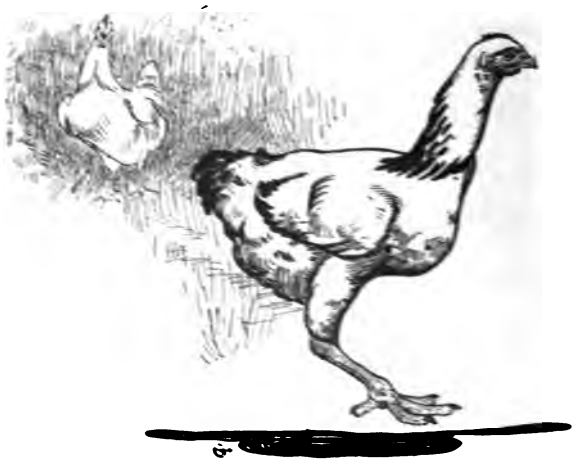
One, two, three, came out plump and fluffy; but when the

ll broke, out came a
chick! It had only
nd one wing and one
as just half a chicken.
mother did not know
with the queer little

fraid something would
t; so she tried hard to
nd keep it from harm.
as it could walk, little
showed the most
ys, worse than any of

not mind, and it
herever it wished; it
a funny little hoppity
kick, and got along

One day little Half Chick said, "Mother, I am going to Madrid, to see the King! Good-by."



The poor hen did everything she could think of, to keep him from doing so foolish a thing. But little Half Chick laughed at her in a naughty way.

"I am going to see the King," he said; "this life is too quiet for me." And away he went, hoppity kick, hoppity kick, over the fields.

When he had gone a little way, little Half Chick came to a little brook. The brook was caught in the weeds and was in much trouble.

"Little Half Chick," whispered the water, "I am so choked with these weeds that I cannot move.

"I am almost lost, for want of room. Please push the sticks and weeds away with your bill and help me."

"The idea!" said little Half Chick. "I cannot be bothered

with you; I am going to Madrid, to see the King!"

Then he went away, hoppity kick, hoppity kick.

A little farther on, Half Chick came to a fire, which was choked with damp sticks and was in great trouble.

"Oh, little Half Chick," said the fire, "you are just in time to save me. I am almost dead for want of air. Fan me a little with your wing, I beg."

"The idea!" said little Half Chick. "I cannot be bothered with you; I am off to Madrid, to see the King!" And off he went laughing, hoppity kick, hoppity kick.

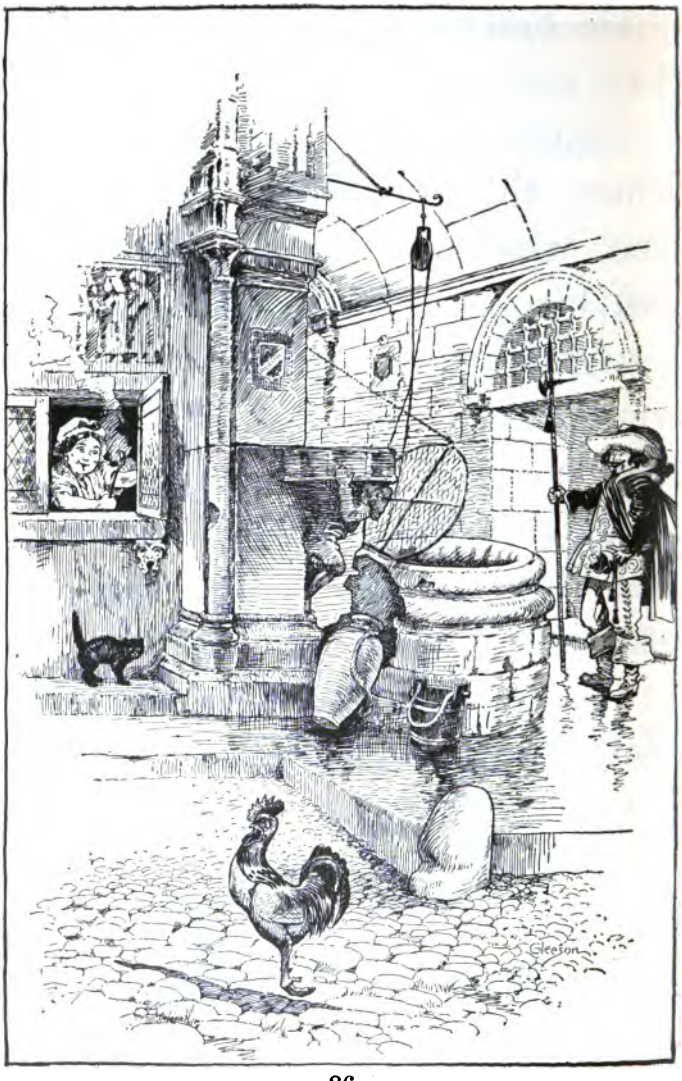
He had hoppity kicked a good way, and was near Madrid. Then he came to a clump of bushes, where the wind was caught fast. The wind was in great trouble, and begged to be set free.

"Little Half Chick," said the wind, "you are just in time to help me.

"Please brush aside these twigs and leaves. I cannot get my breath; help me quickly!"

"Oh! the idea!" said little Half Chick. "I have no time to bother with you. I am going to Madrid, to see the King." And he went off, hoppity kick, hoppity kick, leaving the wind to smother.

After a while he came to


Gleeson

Madrid and to the palace of the King.

Hoppity kick, hoppity kick, little Half Chick skipped past the man at the gate. Hoppity kick, hoppity kick, he crossed the yard.

But as he was passing the windows of the kitchen, the cook looked out and saw him.

"The very thing for the King's dinner!" she said. "I need a chicken!" And she seized little Half Chick by his one wing. Then she threw him into a kettle of water on the fire.

The water came over little Half Chick's feathers; it came into his eye, over his head. It was terrible, terrible!

Then little Half Chick cried out: "Water, don't drown me! Stay down, don't come so high!"

But the water said, "Little Half Chick, little Half Chick, when I was in trouble, you would not help me." And the water came higher than ever.

Now the water grew warm, hot, hotter, terribly hot. Little Half Chick cried out: "Do not burn so hot, Fire! You are burning me to death! Stop!"

But the fire said, "Little Half Chick, little Half Chick, when I was in trouble, you would not help me." And the fire burned hotter than ever.

Just as little Half Chick thought

he must die, the cook took the cover off, to look at the dinner.

"Dear me," she said, "this chicken is good for nothing; it is burned to a cinder."

Then she picked little Half Chick up by his one leg and threw him out the window.

He was caught by the wind and taken up higher than the trees.

Around and around he was twirled till he was so dizzy he thought he must die.

"Don't blow me so, Wind," he cried; "let me down!"

"Little Half Chick, little Half Chick," said the wind, "when I was in trouble, you would not

help me!" And the wind blew him up to the top of the steeple. There it stuck him, fast!

And there he stands to this day, with his one eye, his one wing, and his one leg.

He cannot hoppity kick any more. But he turns slowly around when the wind blows; and he always keeps his head towards it.

SPANISH FOLK TALE.



ladies	skirts
different	always

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass,
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all,
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



Æolus[1] orchard
golden pudding



THE NORTH WIND

Once upon a time, in a house under a hill, lived Æolus and his four sons. They were called North Wind, South Wind, East Wind, and West Wind.

[1] Pronounced ē′ ō lus.

One day North Wind said to his father, "May I go out to play?"

"Oh, yes!" said the father, "if you do not stay too long."

Then away ran North Wind with a merry shout, and he banged the door behind him.

As he ran along the road he saw in the orchard a beautiful tree, and upon it were some green apples.

"Oh! come and play with me," said North Wind. "Come and play with me!"

"Oh, no!" said the tree, "I must stay quite still and help the apples to grow. Else they will not be large and round and red

in the autumn for the little children. Oh, no! North Wind, I cannot go."

"Puff!" said North Wind, and down all the apples fell to the ground.

The next thing that North Wind saw was a beautiful field of corn.

"Oh! come and play with me. Oh! come and play with me!" said North Wind.

"No, no!" said the corn; "I must stand quite still and grow.

"If you will look under this beautiful green silk you will see some little kernels.

"These must grow big and yellow so that they may be ground

into meal, to make pudding for the children. So, you see, I cannot go to play."



At this North Wind sighed—"Ah ha-a-a!" and the corn lay down on the ground.

Running on, North Wind saw a lily growing under a window.

"Oh, you lovely lily! come and play with me," said North Wind.

"I cannot," said the lily, gently; "I have to stay here, because the farmer's little girl is not well.

"I am her friend, and every morning she comes and smiles at me and I smile at her.

"I am sure she would miss me very much if I should go; so I must stay here, dear North Wind."

North Wind kissed her very gently, but she hung her head and never looked up again.

Now the farmer went out to work, and saw the corn and the apple tree. Then he said, "Ah! North Wind has been here!"

When he came home, his little girl told him about the lily.

And the father said, "I'll tell Mr. Æolus all about it!"

So away he went; and he said: "Good morning, Mr. Æolus. Your boy, North Wind, has been down my way. He has blown the apples from the trees; the corn is lying down on the ground; but, worse than this, he has hurt my little girl's lily!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Æolus, "I am very sorry. I will speak to North Wind when he comes in."

By and by in came North Wind.

"My boy," said Æolus, "the farmer has told me all the harm that you have done."

Then Æolus told North Wind the story of the apples and the corn and the lily.

"Oh, well," said North Wind, "I know I did it, but I did not mean to.

"I just meant to have a little fun with the apple tree; but when I said 'Puff-f,' all the apples fell down!

"And it was just the same with the corn; it lay down before I knew that I had hurt it.

"As for the lily, that was the loveliest thing that I ever saw, father; I only kissed it when I went away."

"I believe that what you tell me is true, my boy. But you

must not be so rough and rude when you play.

"Or else you must go out to play only after the farmer has gathered the apples and corn, and after the flowers have been taken into the house.

"When the snow is on the ground, you and Jack Frost may have fine frolics together."

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

everywhere	forehead
stroked	pearly

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into the here.



Where did you get your eyes so
blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got
here.

What makes your forehead so
smooth and high?

A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheeks like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

How did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Christmas piece soup obey
goblin ahead hocus pocus

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

I

There were once two men who were brothers. One was rich and the other was poor.

On Christmas day the poor one had nothing to eat. So he went to his brother and asked for food.

"If you will go to the house of the goblins," said the brother, "you may have some meat."

The poor man promised to go.

"Take this, then," said the rich man. And he flung out a piece of meat.

The poor man started off to



find the goblin's house. But he did not know the way.

He walked and walked until night. At last he saw a bright light.

"This may be the place," thought he. So he turned in at the gate. An old, old man was there. He was cutting wood for the Christmas fire.

"Good evening," said the man with the meat. "The same to you," said the old, old man.

"Do the goblins live here, old man?"

"They do, indeed," answered the woodcutter.

"But if you go in with the meat, they will all want it. Tell

them to give you the little mill behind the door.

"Then throw the meat among them. They will fight for it. Then you can run out with the mill. And I will show you how to use it!"

So tap, tap, tap at the door went the poor man. A big goblin opened it. Then all the goblins wanted the meat. But the man held it fast.

"Give me the little mill behind the door," said he, "and I will give you the meat."

At first they would not; but they were greedy.

So "Yes! Yes!" they all cried. And the biggest goblin got the mill.

"Now, then, here is the meat!" said the man. And he threw it among them.

Then such a fight there never was before! So the man ran out with the mill. The old man taught him how to use it.

Then he took it home. "Now, where in the world have you been?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I have been where I have been," said the man with the mill.

"What did you get for dinner?" said she.

"Oh, you shall see what you shall see," answered the man.

Then he put the mill upon the table.

"Wife," said he, "it is dark. Let us have some light."

Then he said to the mill, "Grind lights for us." "Whir-r-r-r," went the mill. And out came lights all lighted.

"Hocus pocus, stop!" said the man. For that was the way to stop the mill.

"Now grind us knives and forks. Then grind us food for two," said he.

So the mill obeyed. And soon they were eating a fine dinner.

neighbor stingy flopped scold

II

Well, each day the mill obeyed the man.

From morning till night he had it grind something good or something pretty.

One day the wife said: "Let us give a big dinner. And let us invite our stingy brother."

"We will give it to-day," said the man.

All the neighbors came; and so did the rich brother.

Now when the rich brother saw such fine food, he could hardly eat. He was too cross.

"Where in the world did you get these things?" said he.

"Oh," said the owner of the mill, "they came from behind the door!"

But he was proud of the mill.

So by and by he brought it out. He made it grind for his brother.

Of course the rich man wanted it. He begged for it, and he scolded for it.

At last his brother said: "I will sell the mill. But you must pay three thousand dollars for it."

"I will," said the rich brother. So he paid the money and went off with the mill.

When the rich man got home, he called his wife.

"Well, wife," said he, "go to the hayfield for me to-day. I will stay home and get the dinner."

"Well, then," said she, "get ready some soup and fish."



"Soup and fish it shall be," answered the rich man. When he was alone he got out the mill.

"Grind soup and fish!" said he. "And grind them fast!"

No sooner had he said this, than "Whir-r-r" went the mill. And out poured soup and fish.

First the dishes were filled, then the pans, and then the tubs.

"Stop, mill!" called the rich man. But that was not the way to stop it. So it ground on.

Soon the kitchen was full, then the pantry, then the hall, and then the parlor. Soup poured out of the doors, and fish flopped out of the windows.

Out rushed the rich man and down the hill. Down roared the soup at his heels. Soon the man saw his wife.

"Wife, wife!" he cried. "Call the men, then drink for your lives! For the town will be drowned with soup. I'm off for my brother to stop the mill."

So the wife and the haymakers sat down by the soup stream.

They drank and they drank. But down poured the soup and down flopped the fish!

Then the rich man ran to his brother. "Quick, quick!" he called. "Run and stop your mill. The town will be drowned in soup!"

money whisper whistle
treated punished smoking

III

Now, the poor brother was busy. He was smoking his pipe.

"Come in, brother," said he. "Take a chair. What is this about soup? The mill will not stop, you say? Well, go home

and stop it yourself. It is your mill now."



"Oh," said the rich man, "I will pay you money to take it away. Only hurry!"

"How much money?" said the poor man.

"A thousand dollars. Be quick!"

So up jumped the poor man. He ran to his brother's house. Then he waded through soup to the mill.

"Hocus pocus, stop!" he whispered. And at the word, the mill obeyed.

So the poor man had the money and the mill too.

Well, the days and the years went by. The mill ground and ground for the poor man.

At last he could think of nothing more for it to grind. So it was put on the shelf.

One day a merchant came to town to see the mill.

"Can the mill grind salt?" asked he.

"Can it, indeed!" said the owner. "Let me show you!" So he took the mill from its shelf. Then he said, "Grind salt!" So out poured salt. Then, "Hocus pocus, stop!" he whispered.

"Will you sell me the mill?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, for ten thousand dollars."

"You shall have it," said the merchant. So he paid the money and took the mill. He was pleased. He whistled a tune as he went to his ship.

The next morning the merchant set sail. When he was far from land, he took the mill on deck.

"Grind salt!" said he. "And grind it fast!" So "Whir-r-r"

went the mill. And out poured the salt. First the bags were filled, then the boxes, and then the baskets.

"Stop!" cried the merchant. But that did not stop it. He had not learned "Hocus pocus."

So on ground the mill, "Whir, whir." And the salt grew deeper and deeper. Lower and lower sank the ship.

At last the merchant was frightened. He thought the ship would go to the bottom. So he caught up the mill, and threw it into the sea.

Down, down, it sank to the bottom, grinding and grinding. Some say it is grinding still.

If you do not believe it, go and taste the water in the sea.

OLD NORSE TALE.

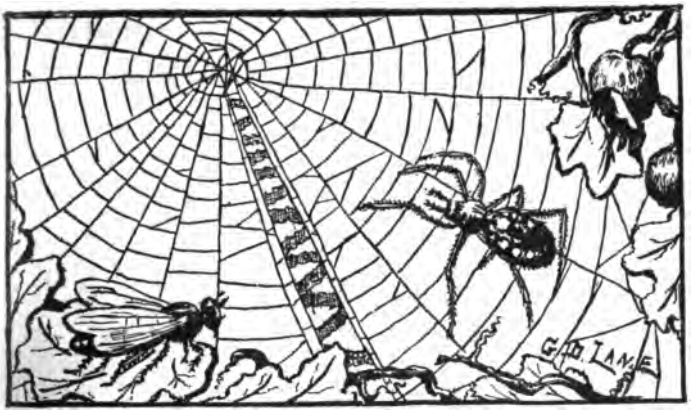


stair	parlor	spider
ne'er	prettiest	winding

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

I

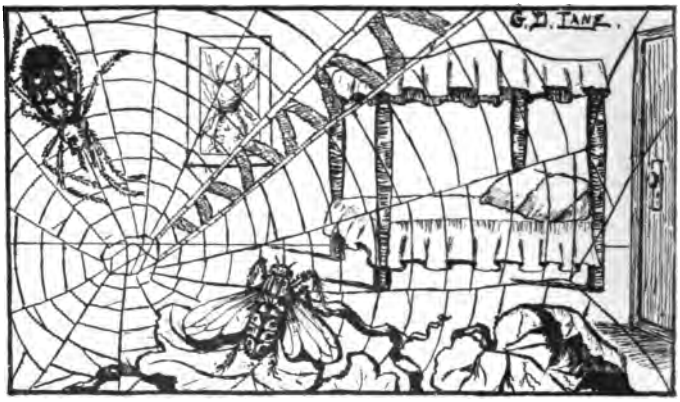
"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.



"The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things,
To show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

snugly weary soaring



II

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;

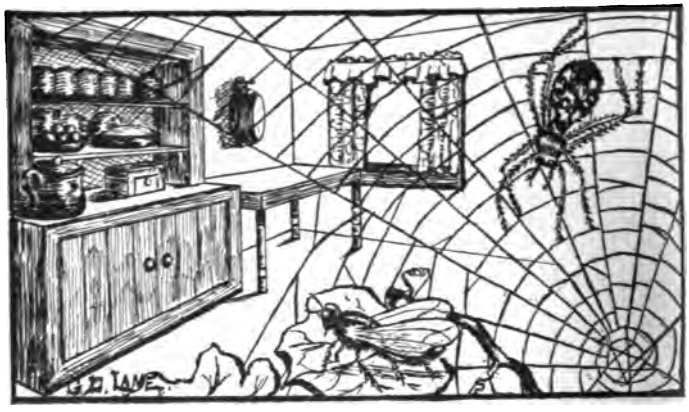
The sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

cunning pantry welcome
affection

III

Said the cunning spider to the
fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?



"I have, within my pantry,
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome;
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

creature gauzy moment
handsome brilliant behold



IV

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings,
How brilliant are your eyes.

"I have a little looking glass,
Upon my parlor shelf;

If you'll stop a moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning
now,
I'll call another day."

MARY HOWITT.

together	bananas	animals
squeaky	grandson	strip

MR. ELEPHANT AND MR. FROG

1

Once upon a time Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog lived together in the same wood with Mr. Fox

and Mr. Tiger and Mr. Hare and Mr. Lion; and the animals were all very good friends.

Mr. Elephant was very, very big, and Mr. Frog was very, very little, but every day they went walking together.

Mr. Elephant went in front, tramp, tramp, tramp, and Mr. Frog went on behind, hop, hop, hop.

One night when they came home Mr. Hare ran to meet them. He said, "Oh, Mr. Frog says Mr. Elephant is his horse."

Then Mr. Fox and Mr. Tiger and Mr. Lion all followed after Mr. Hare, crying, "Oh, oh! Mr. Elephant is Mr. Frog's horse."

Mr. Elephant turned around, and he said in a very gruff voice to Mr. Frog: "Grandson, did you tell them that I was your horse?"

And Mr. Frog said in a high, squeaky voice, "No, no, grandfather."

But all the time Mr. Frog was thinking of a trick to play on Mr. Elephant.

The next day Mr. Elephant and Mr. Frog started off for a long walk.

Mr. Frog had heard of a place where the swamps were deep and muddy.

Mr. Elephant knew a place where the bananas grew ripe and

thick. And they spent a pleasant day.

On the way home Mr. Frog hopped up close to Mr. Elephant. He said, in his high, squeaky voice: "Grandfather, I am not strong enough to walk. Let me get up on your back."

"Climb up, my grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

He put his trunk down for a ladder; Mr. Frog climbed up.

II

toward mosquitoes

They had not gone very far when Mr. Frog hopped up close to Mr. Elephant's ear.

Then he said: "I am going to fall, grandfather. Give me some small cords that I may tie them to your mouth, and hold myself upon your back."

"I will, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

So Mr. Elephant made some cords from the bark of a birch tree, and gave them to Mr. Frog.

Then Mr. Frog tied Mr. Elephant's mouth, and they went on a little farther.

Soon Mr. Frog spoke again.

"Grandfather," he said, "find me a twig, and I will fan the mosquitoes from your ears."

"I will," said Mr. Elephant.

So he broke a small, green


Esther Peck.

twig from the birch tree, and gave it to Mr. Frog. Just then they came toward home.

"See Mr. Elephant!" cried Mr. Lion and all the others. "Mr. Elephant is Mr. Frog's horse."

Mr. Elephant turned himself about, and he saw Mr. Frog on his back, holding the reins and the whip.

"Why so I am, grandson," said Mr. Elephant.

Then Mr. Frog jumped down.

He laughed and he laughed until he nearly split his coat, because he had played a trick on Mr. Elephant.

AFRICAN TALE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little boy blue lost his way in a wood,
Sing apples and cherries, roses and honey;
He said, "I would not go back if I could,
It's all so jolly and funny."

He sang, "This wood is all my own."
Apples and cherries, roses and honey.
"Here I will sit, a king on my throne,
All so jolly and funny."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

flossy porch nightgown
velvet fluttered bunnies
crumbs downy

THE GO SLEEP STORY

I

"How can I go to bed," said Penny, the flossy dog, "till I say good night to Baby Ray?

"He gives me part of his bread and milk, and pats me with his little soft hand.

"It is bedtime now for dogs and babies. I wonder if he is asleep?"

So he trotted along in his silky white nightgown till he found Baby Ray on the porch in Mamma's arms.


Esther Peck

And she was telling him the same little story that I am telling you:

The doggie that was given him to
keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

II

"How can we go to bed," said Snowdrop and Thistledown, the two little kitty cats, "till we have one more look at Baby Ray?

"He lets us play with his blocks and ball, and laughs when we climb on the table.

"It is bedtime now for kittens and dogs and babies. Perhaps we shall find him asleep."

And this is what the kittens heard:

One doggie that was given him to
keep, keep, keep;
Two cunning little kitty cats
creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

III

"How can we go to bed," said three little Bunnies, "till we have seen Baby Ray?"

Then away they went in their white velvet nightgowns as softly as three flakes of snow.

They, too, when they got as far as the porch, heard Ray's

Mamma telling the same little story:

One doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep;
Two cunning little kitty cats,
creep, creep, creep;
Three little bunnies with a leap,
leap, leap,
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

IV

"How can we go to bed," said the four white Geese, "till we know that Baby Ray is all right?

"He loves to watch us sail on the duck pond, and he brings us corn in his little blue apron.

"It is bedtime now for geese

and rabbits and kittens and dogs and babies, and he really ought to be asleep."

So they waddled away in their white feather nightgowns, around the porch, where they saw Baby Ray, and heard Mamma tell the "Go Sleep Story":

One doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep;
Two cunning little kitty cats,
creep, creep, creep;
Three pretty little bunnies,
with a leap, leap, leap;
Four geese from the duck pond,
deep, deep, deep;
Went to see if Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

V

"How can we go to bed," said the five white Chicks, "till we have seen Baby Ray once more?

"He scatters crumbs for us and calls us. Now it is bedtime for chicks and geese and rabbits and kittens and dogs and babies, so little Ray must be asleep."

Then they ran and fluttered in their downy white nightgowns till they came to the porch. There little Ray was just closing his eyes, while Mamma told the "Go Sleep Story":

One doggie that was given him
to keep, keep, keep;
Two cunning little kitty cats,
creep, creep, creep;

Three pretty little bunnies, with
a leap, leap, leap;
Four geese from the duck pond,
deep, deep, deep;
Five downy little chicks, crying
peep, peep, peep,
All saw that Baby Ray was
asleep, sleep, sleep.

"YOUTH'S COMPANION," EUDORA BUMSTEAD.

orchard appear milkpail

THE WAKE UP STORY

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing.

The five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kittens and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew


Esther Peck

how to be. All were watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window.

But he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while Mamma was getting the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said:

"Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the
orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the
baby's bath.

Then she went to the woodpile and said:

"Good chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook the food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump from the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook the food.

So Mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said:

"Good cow, the pump has given me nice, clean water; the woodpile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

The good old pump from the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook the food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,
And the topknot Biddy an egg new and white.

Then Mamma went on till she came to the orchard; she said to the old apple tree: "Good tree, the pump has given me water, the woodpile has given me chips, the cow has given me milk, the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

The tree was willing.

So Mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house. There was Baby Ray in his nightgown looking out of the window.

She kissed him, and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft hair, she told him

the "Wake Up Story" that I am telling you.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The topknot Biddy an egg new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.

"YOUTH'S COMPANION," EUDORA BUMSTEAD.

The sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the west
Are getting up and being dressed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



leather customer finish
wondering double price

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

I

A shoemaker once lived in a little town. He was a good man and worked hard.

But he was too poor to buy leather. So at last there was only enough for one pair of shoes.

At night he cut out the shoes.

But it was too late to make them. So he put them on his bench and went to bed.

In the morning he went to finish them. But there they were, all done! Done inside and done outside!

Now this made the good man's eyes grow bigger and bigger. For who in the world could have finished them?

"Wife," he called, "the shoes are done! Come and see." So she ran to see.

Sure enough, there were the shoes all done. Then her eyes grew bigger and bigger, too. Who could have finished the shoes?

While they were wondering, in came a man to buy shoes.

"Good morning," said he. "Have you shoes to sell?"

"One pair, sir," said the shoemaker. And he showed the pair on the bench.

"These are very fine shoes," said the customer. "You do not ask enough for them. I will pay you more."

So he paid the shoemaker double the price of the shoes.

Then there was money for more leather. So the shoemaker bought enough for two more pairs of shoes.

He cut out the new leather at night. "I will finish these shoes

in the morning," said he. "Come, wife, it is late. Let us go to bed."

Next morning he went to his bench again. And there were the two pairs of shoes all finished!

And his wife wondered and wondered. Who could be kind enough to finish the shoes?

While they were wondering, in came two customers.

"Have you shoes to sell?" they asked.

"Two pairs, sir," said the shoemaker. And he showed them the two pairs of shoes on the bench.

"Ah, these are fine shoes, in-

deed," said one customer. "So they are," said the other. "Let us pay this good man a high price for them."

So they paid him double the price of the shoes. Then there was more money for leather, this time for four pairs of shoes.

tonight	ragged	suits
peeked	sewed	neatly

THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

II

And so it went. Each night the shoemaker cut out his shoes. Each morning he found them finished. And each day his customers paid him double.

At last he began to be rich.

But still he did not know who was making his shoes.

So one night he called his wife. "Let us sit up tonight," said he. "We can hide behind the door. Then we can see who makes the shoes."

"Good!" said the wife. "Let us do so. I should like to see who helps us."

So when the shoes were cut out, the old people hid. And they peeked through the crack of the door.

By and by, in ran two little ragged men. They were no bigger than your hand.

Skippety hop! They ran to the bench. They picked up the shoes.


F. Choate

Then, rappety tap! How they worked! In no time the shoes were finished. Then hoppety skip, away they went again.

The old people rubbed their eyes to see if it were true. And it was; for there were the shoes all finished.

Next day the shoemaker's wife said: "The little elves have been very kind to us. Let us do something to make them glad. Let us give them new clothes. I will make some clothes, and you can make them some little shoes."

So the good woman sewed all day. She made two little blue suits. Then she made some little

white shirts. And last of all she knit two wee pairs of red stockings.

And the shoemaker made two tiny pairs of shoes.

At night they put the new clothes on the bench. Then they hid behind the door again.

The clock struck twelve. Then in skipped the two little elves.

Up they jumped to the shoemaker's bench. But there were no shoes to make. There were the new clothes to put on, instead.

Whisk, off went the old clothes! And whisk, on went the new clothes!

The little men danced for joy.

They danced and skipped from bench to bench. They skipped and danced out of the door, singing these words:

"Happy little elves are we,
Neatly dressed, as you can see,
No more shoemakers to be."

No one saw them again. But from that day the shoemaker had good luck.

J. AND W. GRIMM.



FORGET ME NOT

When to the flowers, so beautiful,
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one.
All timidly it came,
And kneeling at the Father's feet,
And gazing in his face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
With sweet and gentle grace:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot."
Then kindly looked the Father down,
And said, "Forget Me Not."

sniffing shoulder snuffing
emptied slammed knocks
barred necktie

MRS. PIG AND THE WIND

Once upon a time Mrs. Pig lived in a fine house of her own with her five little pigs.

Four of the little pigs were black, but the smallest pig was white and he was as the apple of his mother's eye.

Around the hill from Mrs. Pig's house lived Brother Wolf, and Brother Wolf was very fond of pig meat.

Every night Mr. Wolf came through the garden gate, and he walked round and round Mrs.

Pig's house, sniffing and snuffing, and calling in a soft voice:

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin."

But Mrs. Pig always locked her door fast, and Brother Wolf had to go home without any pig meat.

One night Brother Wolf thought of a trick. He put a very high hat on his head. He put shoes on his feet. He tied a necktie around his neck, and he looked just like a man.

Then he put a bag of corn over his shoulder, and he walked TRAMP, TRAMP, up the brick walk



that led to Mrs. Pig's house. He rapped loudly on Mrs. Pig's door.

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin."

"Who knocks?" asked Mrs. Pig, peeping through the window, with the little white pig under her arm.

"Mr. Man, come to put a mark on your little pigs," said Brother Wolf.

Then Mrs. Pig opened the door, and she turned out the four little black pigs.

But the little white pig was as the apple of her eye, and she hid him in the cupboard.

So Brother Wolf emptied all the corn out of his bag. Then he put the four little pigs into it, and he took them home with him.

By and by Brother Wolf was hungry for more pig meat, so he dressed himself in his clothes again.

He put his bag of corn over his shoulder, and he rapped loudly at Mrs. Pig's door, calling:

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin."

"Who knocks?" asked Mrs. Pig.

"Mr. Man, come to put a mark on your little white pig," said Brother Wolf.

But Mrs. Pig barred the door, and locked the window, and hid the little white pig in the closet; for he was as the apple of her eye.

Then Brother Wolf was very angry, and he took off his hat and his shoes and his necktie.

He hurried up and down the roads until he met Mr. Wind,

who wore a red cloak, and was sweeping the fields.

Brother Wolf told Mr. Wind how very fond he was of pig meat.

Mr. Wind said he would help Brother Wolf, for he always liked a romp.

So Mr. Wind and Brother Wolf went to Mrs. Pig's house, and they rapped loudly on the door.

Then Brother Wolf called out:

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe and the frosts begin."

But never a word did Mrs. Pig say.

"Blow, Mr. Wind," said Brother Wolf.

Then Mr. Wind began to puff himself out bigger and bigger. He huffed and he puffed and he blew a mighty gale.

He blew round the garden, and he pulled up the corn and threw it down on the ground.

He slammed the gate and he rattled the window. He shook the door, and he cried, "WHE-OO, WHE-EE," in the keyhole, as loudly as he could.

Brother Wolf was so frightened that his hair stood up straight on his back.

Out of the garden he ran, and around the hill. He neither stopped



nor looked behind him, and no one ever saw him in Mrs. Pig's garden again.

"WHEE-EE, WHEE-EE, let me in," called Mr. Wind.

Mrs. Pig opened her door just a crack, and peeped out, with the little white pig under her arm, for he was as the apple of her eye.

HUFF, PUFF, the door blew open wide, and Mrs. Pig saw Mr. Wind in his red cloak running around the garden.

She hurried off to the woods with her little white pig. There she found the four black pigs, and she did not come home for a day and a night.

And that is the way the pigs first came to see the wind.

If you do not believe it, just watch them run when Mr. Wind comes huffing and puffing through the garden.

SOUTHERN TALE.

flight	oddest
guides	queen

BABYLAND

How many miles to Babyland?
Any one can tell.
Up one flight; to the right;
Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Babyland?
Little folks in white,
Downy heads, cradle beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow, shout and grow,
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?
Why, the oddest things,

Might as well try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Babyland?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love, born above,
Guides the little feet.

GEORGE COOPER.





GENERAL BLACKBIRD

listening	whither	drowned
caught	answered	obeyed
difference	rascal	sword

I

Mr. Blackbird and his wife were once sitting on a high tree top.

They were swinging up and down, and Mr. Blackbird was singing.

Mrs. Blackbird was listening.

Down under a tree a man was listening, too.

"Hark!" said the man; "that is Blackbird who is singing.

"The king wants him caged to sing in the palace. I will set a trap for him here under the tree."

So Mr. Man set a trap for Blackbird.

He caught Mrs. Blackbird by mistake, but he did not know the difference.

So he carried Mrs. Blackbird off to the palace. And the King hung the cage in the parlor.

Then Mr. Blackbird was in a great rage.

He found a sword and a drum and ran down the street, crying, "War, war, war!" And as he ran he met a cat.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" said she.

"To fight the King," cried Blackbird. "He has my wife caged in his parlor."

"I will go too," said Blackbird's cat, "for the King drowned my kitten."

"Then jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So the cat jumped into his ear, and went to sleep.

Then on ran Mr. Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!" Soon he met some ants.

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" cried they.

"To fight the King," said Blackbird. "He has my wife

caged and hung in his parlor."

"Let us go too," said the ants. "The King had hot water poured into our holes. We will fight him too."

"Then jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So in jumped the ants, and on went Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!"

"Whither away, Mr. Blackbird?" called a rope and a club.

"Off to the palace to fight the King," cried Blackbird. "He has caged my wife and has hung her in his parlor."

"Wait for us," cried the rope and the club. "We will go too, and help you to fight."

"Then hurry and jump into my ear," said Blackbird.

So in jumped the rope and the club, and on ran Blackbird, crying, "War, war, war!"

Now near the King's palace was a river, and as Blackbird was crossing, he heard it say, "Whither away so fast, Mr. Blackbird?"

And Blackbird answered: "To the palace to fight the King. He has my wife caged and hung in his parlor."

"Wait for me," cried the river, "I will go with you."

So the river dried itself up to a little stream and slipped into Blackbird's ear.


Laetitia Herr.

II

Then Blackbird marched to the palace.

He knocked on the door with a thump, thump, thump.

"Who's there?" called the doorkeeper.

"It is I, General Blackbird; I have come to get back my wife!"

"Ha, ha," laughed the doorkeeper. "You cannot come in."

"Then I will fight!" cried Blackbird; and he beat his drum loud and long.

Just then the King looked out of the window.

"What do you want?" said the King.

"I want my wife," said Blackbird.

"You shall not have her!" said the King.

"Then I will fight," said Blackbird.

This made the King angry.

"Ho, men!" he called. "Seize this bad bird and put him in the henhouse. Let the hens kill him."

But when the hens were asleep, Mr. Blackbird sang:

"Come out, Pussy, from my ear;
There are hens in plenty here.
Scratch them, make their feathers fly,
Wring their necks until they die."

So out came Pussy.

Then how the feathers flew!

She scratched every hen as dead as a stone.

In the morning the King said: "Ho, men! Fetch me dead Mr. Blackbird."

But when the men went to the henhouse, there sat Blackbird singing sweetly. And all about lay the dead hens.

Of course the King was angry.

"Put this rascal with the wild horses tonight," said he. "They will soon kill him."

So at night Blackbird was shut into the stable.

But when all was still, he whispered:

"Come, out, Rope, and come out,
Stick,
Tie the horses lest they kick:
Beat the horses on the head,
Beat them till they fall down
dead."

Then the rope and the club obeyed, and every horse was killed.

Next morning the King felt very grand.

He sat on his throne and said, "Ho, men!" all the time.

At last he said: "Ho, men! Go and get me the pieces of Mr. Blackbird."

Off ran the men to the stable.

But out in the stable Blackbird was singing merrily.

And all the wild horses were dead as stones.

You may guess how angry the King was!

"All right," said he, "tonight this rascal must be tied with the elephants. They will soon finish him."

So at night Blackbird was tied with the elephants.

But when all was still, he whispered:

"Come out from my ear, you Ants,
Come and sting the elephants;
Sting the trunk, and sting the head,
Sting them till they fall down dead."

And then the ants came hurrying out. They bit and stung the elephants till every one was dead.

In the morning the King said again.

"Ho, there! Fetch me the scraps of Mr. Blackbird."

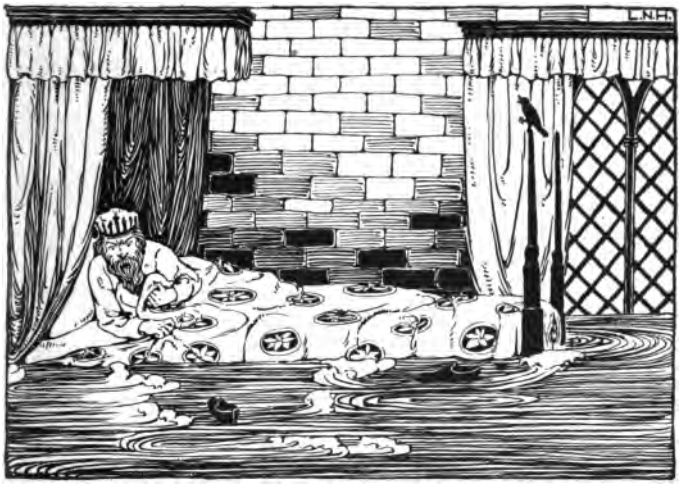
But down in the elephants' house Blackbird was singing away and singing away.

And all the elephants were dead as logs.

Then the King was furious.

"Tonight I will have this bad bird in my own room," said he.

So they put Blackbird in the King's room, and he thought he would surely die of fright before morning.



But in the middle of the night the King heard Blackbird say:

"Come out, River, from my ear,
Flow about the bedroom here;
Pour yourself upon the bed,
Drown the King till he is dead."

And then the river came pour, pour, pouring from Blackbird's ear. It flooded the room, and the King began to get wet.

"Ho, General Blackbird!" called the King, "take your wife and begone!"

So Blackbird got his wife from the cage in the parlor.

Then he and she and the cat and the ants and the club and the rope and the river all went home. And the King never troubled them any more.

WILLIAM CANTON.



"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning until night?
Everything has work to do;
None are idle, why are you?"

"True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass.
Oft I pick my scanty fare
Where the ground is brown and
bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,

Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day,
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie."

ANN TAYLOR.



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